DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

VOLUME XXVII. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 7, 1898. NUMBER 14

Published every week.
$1.00 a year, in advance.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

Entered at the Post Office, New York, N. Y. as second class matter.

ARISEN.

A stately lily in my garden groweth,—
Wind-swept, sun-kissed, dew-nourished day by day:
The secret of its vesture no man knoweth.
The lesson of its beauty who can say?

In stronghold of the earth, when skies were frowning,
Green coffered in the germ its life was hid,—
To-day it stands, the spot with radiance crowning:
What touch hath loosed its prison's sealing lid?

What hand hath lifted into snowy splendor
Its regal head from clod of bondage free?
What wand ha h touched it with a grace so tender?
What voice hath bid it gladden life for me?

Vainly I question. Silence brooding ever
Weaves round its golden heart the mystic veil
No mortal hand may lift, no eye forever
Shall pierce. Far-reaching science can but fail

To seize the clew of its divine unfolding,
To grasp its inmost law of genesis;
Yet, in the rapture of the eye's beholding,
One lesson sure the spirit shall not miss.

To work in hope through grieving months of sorrow,—
To feel the prescient thrill of coming Good.—
To know that on some bright and sudden morrow
The days of darkness shall be understood?

THE CORNET PLAYER.

"Don Basilio, play us a tune on the cornet, and we will dance. It is cool here under the tree."

"Yes, yes, Don Basilio, play something."

"Bring him the cornet Joaquin is practicing with."

"It is not a very good one, but you'll play for us, will you not, Don Basilio?"

"No."

"You won't?"

"No."

"But why?"

"Because I don't know how!

"He doesn't know. Did you ever see such a hypocrite?"

"Come, come, Don Basilio. Why we know you've been leader of military band—"

"And that nobody could play the cornet like yourself—"

"And that you have a pension from the government—"

"Well, yes, it's the truth. I have been a musician in my time, and the cornet was the instrument I played. But it is also true that years ago I gave my cornet away to a poor player in need of one, and since that time have not so much as hummed a tune."

"What a pity!"

"Oh, but this afternoon you must play for us."

"Remember it is my birthday, grand-papa."

"And here is the cornet at last."

"Now let's have a pretty tune."

"A waltz!"

"No, a polka!"

"No, no; a fandango, a fandango—our national dance."

"Don't bother me, children. Have I not said that I cannot play?"

"But why can't you?"

"Because I've forgotten the way, and because, morever, I have vowed never to learn again."

"To whom did you make this vow, father?"

"To myself, to a dead friend and to your poor mother, my daughter."

All the bright, childish faces grew sad upon hearing these words.

"Oh, if you only knew at what cost I learned to play the cornet!." continued the old man.

"The story! The story!" exclaimed the children. "Tell us the story."

"Well, yes," said Don Basilio, "it is really a story worth telling. Listen, and you shall judge for yourselves whether I can or cannot play for you to-day."

And seating himself under a tree, surrounded by the wondering children, he told them the story how he learned to play the cornet. Let us listen to Don Basilio:

It is now seventeen years ago that our beloved Spain was shaken by civil war. Carlo and Isabel disputed the crown, and our countrymen, divided in two factions, shed their blood in fratricidal conflict.

I had in those days a friend named Ramon Gomez, cavalry lieutenant in the same battalion, one of the best-hearted fellows I have ever known. We were educated together; together we left college; together had we passed many happy days, and together we were ready to die for liberty. Oh, I can truly say that he was more attached to the liberal cause than any of us, and his loyalty was never questioned. Yet, even so, a certain injustice committed by our chief, one of those abuses of authority that wreck the most honorable career, made the cavalry lieutenant desert the ranks of his fellow soldiers, the friend leave his friend, the liberal abandon his cause for that of a hated faction, the subordinate desire to kill his superior officer.

Neither my warnings nor my entreaties availed to dissuade him from this rash step. It was a thing decided. He would change the helmet for the cap, despising as he did the rebels and their cause.

At that time we found ourselves in the principality of——, three miles from the enemy. It was the night in which Ramon was to desert—a cheerless evening, cold and wet, on the eve of a battle. At midnight Ramon entered my tent. I was asleep.

"Basilio," he whispered in my ear.

"Who's there?" I asked, waking with a start.

"It is I. Goodby."

"You are going already?"

"Yes. Goodby." And he grasped my hand. "Listen," he continue. "If to-morrow there is a great battle, as is the rumor, and we come face to face in it—"

"I know, I know," I interrupted "We are friends."

"Good. We clasp hands and fight afterward. I shall die to-morrow surely, but not until I have fought my way to the side of the lieutenant colonel. As for you, Basilio, do not expose yourself. Glory is but a vapor."

"And life?"

"Well said. Make yourself a commandant. The pay is not ethereal—that is, not till one has smoked it away. Ah, but all that has now ended for me."

"What melancholy thoughts!" I cried, not without a sinking at the heart. "To-morrow we shall survive the battle."

"Well, if this be so, let us now appoint a meeting place."

"Where?"

"In the hermitage of St. Nicholas at one o'clock to-morrow night. He who is not there by that time shall be given up for dead by the other. Is it agreed?"

"Agreed."

"Well, then, goodby."

"Goodby."

We embraced affectionately and parted, Ramon disappearing under shelter of the darkness.

As we had expected, the rebels attacked us the following day. The action was a bloody one and lasted from three o'clock in the afternoon until nightfall. About five o'clock my battalion was roughly set upon by a part of Alaveses led by Ramon. He then wore the uniform and decorations of a commandant and on his head was the white cap of the Carlists. I ordered my company to fire upon Ramon's forces. He retaliated, and soon our battalions were engaged in a hand to hand struggle. We were victorious, and Ramon was forced to retreat with the scattered remnants of his band, not, however, before he had slain with his own hand our lieutenant colonel, who opposed a desperate but vain resistance to the fury of his antagonist.

Toward sunset the fortunes of war turned against us and part of my unfortunate company was, with myself, cut off from the main body and forced to surrender. I was taken prisoner to the little village of ——, which the Carlists then occupied, and as the war was, without quarter on their side, I expected to be immediately put to death.

While confined, disheartened and weary, in the village jail, I heard the hour of one ring out, the time for my meeting with Ramon. I asked for my friend and was told, "He is a hero— killed a lieutenant colonel with his own hand—but he must undoubtedly have perished in the last hours of the battle."

"Why do you think so?" I asked.

"Because he has not yet come back to camp, and those he commanded can give no account of him."

Oh, what I suffered that night!

But one hope remained to comfort me—that Ramon was still awaiting me at the hermitage and for this reason had not returned.

"How troubled he will be when he finds I do not come!" I said to myself. "He will believe me dead, and, indeed, am I very far from being so? My last hour cannot now be far distant." At daybreak a chaplain entered the prison. My companions in misery were sleeping.

"Death?" I exclaimed upon seeing the priest.

"Yes," he replied softly.

"Now?" I asked.

"No; within three hours."

A few minutes later my fellow prisoners had awakended. Sobs, cries and blasphemies filled the prison.

Every man about to die usually has one idea that is ever present in his thoughts and to which he clings. So it was with me, and weakness, fever, or madness, I know not which, filled my mind with thoughts of my friends—of Ramon living, of Ramon dead, of Ramon waiting for me in heaven—and so powerfully had these ideas taken possession of my mind that I thought of nothing else during those hours of agony.

They took off my captain's uniform and wrapped me in an old soldier's cloak, placing upon my head the Carlist cap. Thus I marched to my death with my nineteen companions. One only had been pardoned, and this because he was a musician. The Carlists at that time spared the lives of all musicians on account of there being a great scarcity of them in their battalions.

"And were you a musician, Don Basilio? Did you save yourself by that?" exclaimed his hearers with one breath.

"No, my children," responded the veteran. "I then knew nothing of music."

Well the execution squad drew up in line and we were placed facing it. I was No 11 in the row—that is to say, I should be the eleventh to die. Then I thouht of my wife and my child—of you and your poor mother, my daughter!

The firing began. Those awful death volleys maddened me. As my were bandaged I could not see my companions fall one by one. I wish to count the discharges so as to be able to prepare myself for the last moment, but at the third or fourth volley I lost count. Oh, the echo of those will reverberate in my heart and brain forever as they rang out that fatal day. At one moment they were a thousand leagues away; their thunder seemed to peal within my very ear. And the volley continued.

"Now!" I thought. The sharp report followed, and I was still alive.

"This will be it!" I said, and then I felt myself seized by the shoulder and dragged out of the ranks, while a voice sounded in my ears. I fell unconscious to the ground, the last thought that passed through my mind being that I had been shot and was dying.

Afterward it seemed to me that I was lying stretched on my prison cot. I half raised myself and looked around me, trying to pierce the darkness with my eyes. A shadow more obscure than the others appeared to be the outline of a man. My lips murmured mechanically the name of him who had been so much in my thoughts.

"Ramon!"

"What is it?" replied the shadow.

I shuddered. "My God!" I exclaimed. "Can I be in the other world?"

"No," replied the same voice.

"Ramon, you still live?"

"Yes."

"And I—"

"Also."

"Where am I? This is not the hermitage of St Nicholas and I still a prisoner, or has it all been a dream?"

"No, Basilio, you have not been dreaming. Listen:

"As you know, yesterday I killed the lieutenant-colonel in fair fight. Afterward, mad with the excitement of the battle, I went on fighting desperately until the close of the action. Then, as the moon rose, I thought of you and of our appointment, and directed my steps to the old hermitage, with the intention of awaiting you there. It was about ten o'clock when I arrived; so, as the hour agreed upon was one, I lay down to sleep. At the stroke of one I awoke with a start to find myself alone. Two, three, four, the hours rang, and still you did not come. 'Without doubt,' I said to myself, 'he is dead,' and with a heavy heart I set out at daybreak for the rebel camp. All had given me up for lost, so I was received with joy and the general showered distinction upon me.

"Afterward I learned that some prisoners were to be executed that morning. A presentiment filled my mind. 'Can Basilio be among them?' I thought. I ran toward the place of execution. The soldiers of the firing squad had already taken their position. I heard the report of the rifles as they rang out in volleys on the still morning air. At length I reached the scene and threw my eyes rapidly along the line of victims, but could see nothing. Auguish blinded me; fear unnerved me. At length I recognized you but two places removed from that of death! What was to be done? I went mad, gave a shout, broke through the line of soldiers, and rushed to your side, and, flinging my arms around you, exclaimed hoarsely:

"'This one, no? This one, no, my general!'

"The general who was in charge of the execution and who knew me so favorably by my behavior in the previous day's battle, asked curiously:

"'Why? Is he a musician?'

"That word was for me what it would be for a man born blind to suddenly see the sun in all its splendor. The light of hope fell on my eyes and dazzled them:

"'Musician!' I cried. 'Yes, yes, my general. A musician, a great musician!'

"'What instrument does he play!' inquired the general.

"'The—the—er—that is—why, of course, the cornet! He plays the cornet!'

"Are we in need of a cornet player?' said he, turning to the leader of the band. Five seconds, five eternities, before the answer came.

"'Yes, general; one is needed.'

"'Well, then,' continued the the general, 'remove that man from the ranks and let the executions proceed at once.'

"Then I caught you in my arms and brought you here."

Scarcely had Ramon ceased speaking when I arose, trembling, and between laughter and tears embraced him, saying:

"I owe my life to you."

"Hardly that," replied Ramon.

"What do you mean?" I exclaimed.

"Can you play the cornet? he asked.

"No."

"Then you do not owe me your life; rather it is that I have compromised my own safety without securing yours."

I felt my heart grow cold within me.

"And music," he continued, "do you know anything of that?"

"Very little. You will remember what they taught us in college."

"Little, indeed, or, better said, nothing," replied Ramon "You will die, without the slightest doubt, and I also as a traitor. Just think of it! In fifteen days the band to which you belong is to be organized."

"Fifteen days!"

"Neither more nor less. And as you will not be able to take your place in it (for God will not work a miracle) we shall both be shot."

"To put you to death!" I cried. "You, for my sake; for me, whom you have risked your life to save? Ah, heaven will not permit it. Within fifteen days I shall learn to play the cornet!"

Ramon burst into a laugh.

What more shall I say, my children? In fifteen days—oh, power of the human will—in fifteen days, with their fifteen nights—for I slept no more than nature compelled in half a month—in fifteen days I had learned to play the cornet.

What days those were! Ramon and I left camp early each morning and passed hours with a musician who came from a neighboring village to teach me.

Escape! I can read this thought in your eyes. Ah, nothing more impossible. I was a prisoner. They never relaxed their vigilance, and Ramon did not wish to escape without me.

It means to me now as if in all that time I could neither eat nor sleep nor think of aught save my cornet. I was insane, and music was my monomania.

I was resolved to learn, and I did. And if I had been dumb I should have spoken; and paralytic, I should have walked; and blind, should have seen—because I willed it.

Oh, the will answers for all. Resolution is power. Children, learn this great truth—to will is to achieve.

I saved thus my life and that of my friend. But I went mad, and my madness was the art I had learned. It might be said that in three years the cornet never left my hand. Do-re mi-fa-so-la-si—behold my world during that time.

But Ramon did not abandon me. Together we emigrated to France, and there I continued my playing. The cornet was myself—it seemed to ring in my mouth. The people, the notabilities in the art, all gathered to hear me. It was a wonder, a marvel. The cornet seemed to yield to my fingers; it became elastic; it moaned; it wept; it cried aloud; it imitated the birds, the wild beasts, the human sob—

Thus passed two years more. At the end of that time Ramon died. Gazing upon my friend's dead body, I recovered my reason, and when, then in my right mind, I one day took up the cornet and tried to play, I found to my astonishment that the power had left me.

Will you now ask me to play a tune for your dance?—*From the Spanish.*

TWO VOICES.

A SOUTHERN VOLUNTEER.

Yes, Sir, I fought with Stonewall,
And faced the fight with Lee;
But if this Union goes to war,
Make one more gun for me!
I didn't shrink from Sherman
As he galloped to the sea,
But if this here Union goes to war,
Make one more gun for me!

I was with 'em at Manassas—
The bully Boys in Gray,
I heard the thunders roarin'
Round Stonewall Jackson's way.
And many a time this sword of mine
Has blazed the route for Lee;
But if this great Nation goes to war,
Make one more sword for me!

I'm not so full of fightin',
Nor half so full of fun,
As I was back in the sixties
When I shouldered my old gun,
It may be that my hair is white—
Such things, you know, must be,
But if this Old Union's in for war,
Make one more gun for me!

I hain't forgot my raisin'—
Nor how in sixty-two,
Or thereabouts, with battle shouts
I charged the Boys in Blue;
And I say; I fought with Stonewall,
And blazed the way for Lee;
But if this old Union's in for war,
Make one more gun for me!

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

HIS NORTHERN BROTHER.

Just make it two, old fellow,
I want to stand once more
Beneath the old flag with you
As in the days of yore.
Our fathers stood together.
And fought on land and sea,
The battles fierce that made us
A nation of the free.

I whipped you down at Vicksburg,
You licked me at Bull Run;
On many a field we struggled,
When neither victory won,
You wore the gray of Southland,
I wore the Northern blue;
Like men we did our duty
When screaming bullets flew,

Four years we fought like devils,
But when the war was done
Your hand met mine in friendly clasp,
Our two hearts beat as one,
And now when danger threatens
No North, no South we know,
Once more we stand together
To fight the common foe.

My head, like yours, is frosty—
Old age is creeping on;
Life's sun is lower sinking,
My day will soon be gone,
But if our country's honor
Needs once again her son,
I'm ready, too, old fellow—
So get another gun.

—*Minneapolis Journal.*

Rev. Mr. Dantzer's Appointments.

APRIL.

8—(Good Friday) 7:30 P.M., St. Paul's, Buffalo.
10—(Easter Day) 10:45 A.M., St. Paul's, Buffalo.
10—(Easter Day) 7:30 P.M., St. Paul's, Buffalo.

Address: REV. C. O. DANTZER,
17 Glenwood Ave.,
Rochester, N. Y.

WOMEN IN PROVERBS.

ENGLISH.

Women's jars make men's wars.

A change of wives makes men bald.

A woman's tears are a fountain of craft.

Every dog has his pay' every woman has her pay.

He that hath a scold hath sorrow to his sops.

The cunning wife makes her husband her apron.

Every one can tame a shrew but him that hath her.

Take a wife's first advice, but not her second thought.

Women are wise on a sudden and fools on reflection.

It is a pity to see a woman weep or a goose go barefoot.

A widow is a dangerous as a horse that has cast his rider.

Where women and geese are there is no lack of noise.

Maids want nothing but husbands, then want everything.

Women laugh when they can and weep when they please.

There is only one shrew in the world, and every husband thinks he has her.

Women must have their wills alive, for they make none when they die.

He who marries a widow will often have a dead man's head thrown in his dish.

FRENCH.

What woman wills, God wills.

He who takes a wife finds a master.

He that hath a wife is full of strife.

A foolish woman is known by her finery.

A melon and a woman are hard to choose.

A woman unemployed is busy in mischief.

A woman conceals what she does not know.

Never a looking-glass told a woman she was ugly.

A woman who looks much in the glass spins little.

A tender-hearted mother makes a shabby daughter.

With an old husband's hide a widow buys a young one.

Weather, wind and women's minds change like the moon.

A deaf husband and a blind wife make a happy couple.

Widows weep for the lack of a husband, not for the loss of one.

GERMAN.

Watching a woman is labor in vain.

Women, fortune and gold favor fools.

Woo a widow ere she sheds her weeds.

Women are watches that keep bad time.

Who is the man never fooled by a woman?

A woman strong in flounces is week in head.

Women speak the truth, but not the whole truth.

Woman, like fortune, loves youth and is fickle.

The best of woman is never at a loss for words.

A bags of fleas is easier to watch than one woman.

A young wife is an old man's post-horse to the grave.

Where the devil cannot go himself he sends an old woman.

Where woman rules the house the devil is the serving man.

Woman's beauty, rainbows and forest echoes, soon pass away.

Summer-sown and woman's advice turn out well every seven years.

Who loves not woman, wine and song
Remains a fool his whole life along.

ITALIAN.

The born beauty is born betrothed.

Women and hens are lost by gadding.

Woman reigns the devil governs.

In craft women can give points to the devil.

Grief for a dead wife lasts to the churchyard.

Women, donkeys and hazel nuts need strong hands.

A beautiful wife smiling means a full purse weeping.

Weather, smoke and a vicious woman drive men out of doors.

Who takes an eel by the tail or a woman at her word, holds nothing.

Marry your son when you please, your daughter when you can.

A woman's in pain, a woman's in woe, a woman is ill when she likes to be so.

A woman who loves to be at the window is like a bunch of grapes at the wayside.

DANISH.

A truth-telling woman finds few friends.

An ill-tempered woman is the devil's door nail.

Judge a maiden at the kneading pan, not at the dance.

Give your wife the short knife, keep the long one yourself.

A bad wife likes to see her husband's heels turned to the door.

One hair of a maiden's head pulls harder than ten yoke of oxen.

A cross-grained woman and a snappish dog take good care of the house.

The Care of Pearls.

American girls are fond of pearls and have no superstitious fears that they mean "tears." It may not be known to the possessors of these gems that pearls are regarded as "well" or "ill" from a jeweler's point of view. Like human beings, they require fresh air to be kept alive. In other words, they must be worn, and not remain too long in a closed case. Judges of pearls can tell by looking at them whether the gem is "lucido" (clear and healthy); or whether it is beginning to be an invalid. Experts talk of pearls "dying," they sometimes becoming discolored and turning black.

A black pearl may be handsome stone, but it has not the evanescent rainbow suggestions to be seen in a milky or rosy pearl. Italian women, who know a great deal about pearls, wear their necklaces and "ropos" constantly. This gives them the light air required by the mysterious formations, and yet they are not exposed to the chances of discoloration by being touched with acid.

It is easier to keep pearls in fair condition when they are set in a lacepin or in necklaces. It is hard to care for them in a finger ring. One must be careful to remove them not only in washing the hands, but they should never be worn when there is likelihood of being touched by food or drink.

About a month ago the owner of a beautiful pink pearl worn as a finger ring was alarmed to find the stone was darkening and becoming covered with an opaque dark crust. She took it to her jeweler who pronounced it a case of "scale." He told her the delicate substance had been in contact with some acid, and as she insisted this had not happened he remainded her that a drop of lemonade would be sufficient to do the mischief. She then remembered drinking lemonade while the ring was on her ungloved hand.

The only remedy for scale is a removal of a whole layer of the pearl. This is an excessively delicate business, which should be done by an expert workman, and never undertaken by apprentice hands. It is a costly business and reduces the size and value of the pearl that must undergo the operation. — *Philadelphia Record.*

SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES.

APRIL 10TH, EASTER SUNDAY 3 P.M.

St. Matthew's Church, N. Y.
St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn.
Gallaudet Home for Deaf-Mutes, 11 A.M.
Church of the Good Shepherd, Newburg 4:30 P.M.
St. Peter's Church, Port Chester: 11 A.M. Sunday School-room; *noon* in Church, Holy Communion.

Wednesday, April 6th, 8 A.M., and Good-Friday April 8th, 5 and 8 P.M. interpretations for Deaf-Mutes in St. Matthew's Church, N. Y.

Sale and Reunion in aid of the Gallaudet Home for Deaf-Mutes, Guild Rooms of St. Matthew's Church, Tuesday and Wednesday after Easter, April 12th, and 13th, afternoons and evenings.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, APRIL 7, 1898.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 104th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

One copy, one year, - - - $1.00
If not paid within six months, - 1.50

CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

Contributions, subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the
DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M, New York City.

Inquiries concerning the whereabouts of individuals, will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

"*He's true to God who's true to man:*
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

EASTER HYMN.

Behold, again doth Nature—blessed teacher—
Call forth, with gracious voice,
Her sleeping children, bidding every creature
"Wake—rejoice!"

And from the Spring-time's ever-hallowed portal,
The Master calleth thee;
He calleth thee to love and life immortal,
Tenderly.

For lo, He spreads His table as a token—
A sweet communion-sign;
In bursting new buds bread of life is broken—
Come and dine!

Low in the grave lay bitterness and malice,
And seal the stone above;
Lift to thy lips the lily's sacred chalice,
Brimmed with love!

Feed, feed thy soul with beauty and with gladness—
Life triumphs at the last!
Vanished dark Calvary's enshrouding sadness—
Death is past!

Earth kindles new, aglow with Heaven's reflection,
With song and blossom rife;—
Again He speaks: "I am the Resurrection,
And the Life!"

Margarite C. Moore, in N. Y. Observer.

METHODS OF TEACHING THE DEAF.

By Dr. Charles Ely, of Maryland.

In the last report of the Maryland School, Superintendent Ely speaking in reference to methods says: "My practical experience and the results of careful observation elsewhere strengthen my belief that the eclectic, or as it is commonly called, the combined system, best meets the requirements of the deaf. Desirable as speech is, it is not the highest consideration. Mental and moral training stand first. If speech can be given along with it, by all means let it be done. To very many of the deaf, however, speech is an impossible attainment. To very many others who acquire some power of speech, it is of little or no practical value, and the time expended to gain it might better have been used in mental development. Every child, however, should have the opportunity of a careful trial. This the eclectic system affords. We have for years followed the practice of putting our first year pupils under the care of a teacher of speech and continuing this effort with them through the year, whether the prospects of success were favorable or not.

At the end of the year selections are made, and those whose progress has justified it are continued in the speech classes. We have had excellent success in may cases, while in very many others the degree of success has been very gratifying to parents and friends. Speech which is intelligible only in the home circle is yet of considerable value. But of more value than speech is the ability to express thought by language, whether written, spelled, or spoken. In all our schools, whatever the method, much the largest part of the time in the early years must be given to practice in written language, and through the remainder of the course language exercises must continue to be a very prominent feature. At the outset, signs or gestures or actions, by whatever name called, must be used. The extremist oralist has not been able to escape this necessity. These may be discontiued very early and the thought be conveyed by spelled, written, or spoken word; but at this early stage ideas will be conveyed much more rapidly by signs and the mental development will consequently be more rapid. This will be all the more marked with pupils of only average mental ability. Teachers will differ as to how far the use of signs should be carried. The pure oralist would discard them altogether. Others would use finger spelling or writing to the exclusion of signs, while most of the school which use the sign language discourage the use of it in the schools room after a fair command of language has been acquired. All agree that a free use of English should be aimed at, and that to acquire it as much practice in English as possible should be given.

The deaf child's education begins at a low point in the scale, not from want of a means of communication. During the waiting period, while the child is groping its way to expression in English, the sign-language performs a very important service. This language consists largely of movements and facial expressions used by vivacious speaking people in conversation and readily understood by a deaf child. Through this moral instruction can be given as well as a great fund of information on subjects with which the child should early be made familiar. This need not interfere with speech or other instruction, but on the contrary will aid it. The use of the language of signs does not cause mistakes in the use of English. These mistakes are simply due to ignorance of English.

We have for several years in addition to our classes, carried on classes taught orally only. These pupils use signs freely out of school, but they are forbidden in the school room. They have made commendable progress in speech and the use of English as well as in their studies, and I believe will compare well with pupils of the same grade in any pure oral school. One of the best examples of success which we have had in this line of teaching is that of a young lady, no longer in school, the deaf child of deaf parents, who was an expert in the use of the signs language when she entered school at the age of seven. She had never spoken. After one year in school she was put into an oral class and received all her instruction there. She acquired a pleasant, well modulated voice, and is a good lip-reader. She speaks readily, perfers to speak rather than write to those who can hear, and can converse with strangers. She has all the time kept up the use of the sign language. In her case, at least, this proved to be no impediment to the acquisition of speech.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

On Thursday, March 30th, the many friends of Mrs. Ellsworth A. Brown gave expression to their esteem and good will for her, by holding a surprise party at her home, in honor of her birthday anniversary, at the same time. They presented her with half-a-dozen oak dining room chairs and a rocker, as a substantial reminder of the occasion. Mr. and Mrs. Brown are very popular among the deaf residents of the city, and their home is the scene of many informal social gatherings. They are splendid entertainers and make their friends welcome on all occasions. In fact, their home seems to be the social center of Syracuse deaf-mutedom. It is not surprising then, that when the projected presentation and surprise party was mentioned, it met with hearty approval.

Mrs. Annie E. Brown, who had charge of the arrangements, was indefatigable in her efforts, and although she was confined to her bed by illness for a week previous to the date of the party, it is mainly due to her perseverance that the occasion was an unqualified success.

The following is a list of those who contributed to the presentation. From Rome: Professor F. L. Seliney, J. H. Eddy and T. H. Jewell and Mr. McGrath. From Syracuse: Mr. and Mrs. J. E Doran, Mr. and Mrs. Cone, Mrs. Healey, Mrs. A. E. Lewis, Mrs. Annie E. Brown and her son Willie N. Brown; Mr. and Mrs. Geo. D. Connor, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Keller, Mrs. Chandler, Mrs. Mary Simms and her mother. Misses Nellie and Mary Butler, Miss Mary Daley, and Messrs. Frank Harvey, Edward Murphy, Andrew Keenan, Thomas Brenner. From Utica: Mrs. Farley. Mrs. Butler presented a dozen sauce dishes.

The surprise party was a very enjoyable one. After some time spent in the game of forfeits, the victims were made to perform various antics that were highly amusing to the rest of the company, dancing was indulged in by a few, and Messrs. J. H. Geary and J. E. Doran made short speeches suitable to the occasion. Refreshments in the shape of gelatine cakes in many styles and shapes, and ice-cream, were served, and at an early hour (in the morning) the party broke up, voting the evening well spent and very happy.

Mrs. Butcher, of Utica, has been spending a few days in Syracuse with her friend Mrs. Annie E Brown. Mrs. Butcher's little son Charlie Doane, is a bright fellow and made a favorable impression on the Syracuseans, who knew his father, the late Charles Doane. Mrs. Butcher and Charlie leave to-day for a short visit to friends in Rome.

Immense as is the value of the gold taken from the California mines since the discovery of the precious metal there, it could all be contained in a room 40 feet long, 20 feet wide, and 15 feet high.

ITEMIZER.

Abbreviated News Concerning Deaf-Mutes.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: The Itemizer.

Two deaf-mutes were confirmed in St. John's Church, Yonkers, Friday, April 1st.

Five deaf-mutes were confirmed in St Matthew's Church, N. Y., Wednesday evening, March 30th.

Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Olin the parents of Miss Minnie E. Olin, have decided not to move from New York to Meriden, Conn.

Michigan, it seems, is furnishing, this year, a larger quota of lives of deaf persons sacrified on the railroad tracks than any other state in the United State.—*Michigan Mirror.*

W. Hess still is at the old stand at cobbling in Lima, Ohio. He has another child, who is nine months old. She can talk and hear and is very bright.

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Steinruck will celebrate their first Wedding Anniversary, on Thursday evening, April 14th, 1898, at the residence of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Brink, of Brooklyn.

Mrs. Eleanor C. Batcheller, sister of Miss Lydia A. Cummins, died on February 9th, of heart disease, in Freedom, Ill., aged 71 years, 11 months and 6 days. The deceased was a native of West Philadelphia.

Charles Cole, who has been working at the Oakwood Rose Gardens, at Oil City, Pa., received a new bicycle from Chicago. Mike Gormley, of Siverlyville, employed at the planing mill, also received his bicycle from Chicago, last summer.

Every pleasant day, Miss Laura Brink, of Brooklyn, is out enjoying her wheel. On Monday, Miss Brink was riding near Prospect Park, when a dog sprang at her. Its teeth went through her garments and lacerated the flesh slightly.

At Trinity Church, Toledo, on Saturday evening, March 26th, the Rev. Mr. Mann administered the Sacrament of Baptism to a child of Mr. and Mrs. Hannan. On the following Sunday morning, a class of five members of St. Martin's Mission was presented for the Apostolic rite of Confirmation.

Douglas Tilden seems not to be satisfied with Art and Literature. Just now he has passed into the realm of Science with success as an inventor. He has invented a novel pair of scissors and got therefor a patent from the government. The pu pose of the scissors is to enable one to cut choice roses and other flowers without inconvenience: that is, when one clips off a rose with the scissors, an attachment above the scissors serves to hold the cut flower out of the thorns.—*California News.*

"Dummy" Hoy will lead off the batting list of the Louisville team. Some interesting signs have been made for use when the fielder is at bat. This became necessary because of the mute's long service with the Cincinnati team. All the redlegs know the actions of the mute as well as can be, and this necessitatics a complete change of of the player's tactics and signals. He cannot hear, but there is no less authority than President Hart for the statement that the "dummy" can talk a little. True, his articulation is shrill and made possible only by long practice with the lips and tongue to aid in forming the sounds that the vocal chords refuse to make.—*N. Y. Telegram.*

DISQUALIFIED.

First Deaf-Mute—Did you get that job as office boy?

Second ditto—No! the man said he was afraid I couldn't answer.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Correct.

"That hospital," said the guide, "was built and endowed by a deaf-mute."

"Indeed," said the loquacious lunatic.

"Then it is the first authentic case of being dumb-founded that I ever encountered."—*New York Journal.*

THE LIVING CHRIST.

Aye, the lilies are pure in their pallor; the roses are fragrant and sweet;
The music pours out like a sea-wave pulsing in praise at His feet,
Pulsing in passionate praises that Jesus is risen again;
But we look for the signs of His living in the hearts of the children of men.

Wherever a soft hand of pity falls soft on a wound or a woe;
Wherever a peace or a pardon springs up to o'ermaster a foe;
Wherever a tender heart's mercy out-reaches to succor a need;
Wherever springs healing for wounding, the Master is risen indeed.

Wherever the soul of a people arises in courage and might,
And flings off the grave-bands that shrouded its hope in the gloom of the night;
Wherever in sight of God's legions the armies of evil recede,
And truth wins a soul or a kingdom—the Master is risen indeed.

So fling out your banners, brave toilers, bring lilies to altar and shrine,
Ring out, Easter bells, He is risen. For you is the token and sign:—
There's a world moving sunward and Godward, Ye are called to the front, ye must lead;
Behind are the grave and the Darkness; the Master is risen indeed.

—*Mary Lowe Dickerson.*

It is said that the patterns on the finger tips are not only unchangeable through life, but the chance of the finger-prints of two persons being alike is less than one chance in sixty-four billions.

CALLAUDET COLLEGE.

Two Base Ball Defeats.

AN INDIAN STORY.

The Lit Re-Organized -- All Sorts.

(From our Washington Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 3.—This week we have to chronicle two defeats for our baseball team, and yet strange to say, perhaps no one feels cast down over the result.

Last year Georgetown University defeated us by the score of 34 to 1. Wednesday our team boarded the coach, rolled swiftly up the four miles of M St., and in four hours were back again with colors flying, and a score of 11 to 3, as the best that the Georgetown's, one of the hardest-hitting of the great college teams, could score on them.

Our boys played an errorless game, but were unable to solve the Georgetown pitchers to any extent. The home team made only one fielding error, but a couple of wild throws in the sixth inning helped us score our three runs. Andree played poorly in the first two innings, and his passed balls were costly, but his play is quite excusable on account of an injured hand.

Rosson deserves particular praise for his all-around good work. Only eleven hits were secured from him, he struck out four, he made four out of our seven assists, and he scored two of the four hits made by our men, and one run. Bumgardner shone in left field, pulling down three long hard flies, and one thing, he is particularly noted for, is his lightning return of the ball to the infield. Not infrequently he sends it from deep outfield to the plate. Waters and Barham each made two good catches. The infield work was rather slow in the fore part of the game, but improved later. Brooks is a star first basemen. In the six games thus far played, he has a record of fifty-one put outs and only one error, and that one in the last.

Georgetown went to bat first. Hafford struck out. Fleming singled, advanced a base on Moran's fly to Barham and came in on Walsh's hit. Walsh stole second, reached third on a passed ball, and home on Maloney's single. Capt. Mr. Carthy was given his base on balls, reached second on a passed ball and Maloney's hit helped him to third. Both were left on bases by Downs' fly out to Bumgardner.

In the second inning ten men went to bat. Casey led off with a single, went to second on a passed ball, stole third, and reached home through a wild pitch. Sullivan struck out. Hafford drew a base on balls, was advanced to second on a passed ball, and Fleming's single sent him across the plate. Fleming stole second, and came home on Moran's sacrifice and Walsh's hit. Walsh repeated the monotonous theft of second and was brought in by Maloney's safe hit. This hit also landed Captain Mr. Carthy, who had been given his base on balls, on third, whence he scored through Downs' single, which also brought home Maloney. This ended hitting and runs, as Casey was put out at first.

It is not strange, perhaps that, with such catching and slow support, Rosson should have weakened thus, but he braced up in the third, and Georgetown went out in order. Sullivan struck out for the second time; and Hafford and Fleming were retired on flies to Stutsman and Bumgardner.

In the fourth, Moran, the first man up, was put out at first, Rosson to Brooks, and Walsh flew out to Geilfuss.

That dangerous batsman, Capt. McCarthy, came next, and Rosson judged best to give him his third base on balls. Maloney then batted a two-base hit to deep left field; and Downs' single sent both over the plate. Casey batted a grounder to Stutsman, who touched Downs out at third, retiring the side.

In the next morning the home-team was again retired it order on a foul to Andree, a strike-out, and an assist to first by Stutsman, but in the sixth they scored their last run. Moran was put out at first, Geilfuss to Brooks; Walsh made his third single, and stole second; and McCarthy improved the only chance Rosson gave him during the game by smashing out a two-base hit, bringing Walsh home. Maloney's fly was caught by Bumgardner, and Downs was thrown out at first by Geilfuss.

In the seventh, Casey was put out for bunting on third strike, Rosson retired Sullivan, and Hafford flew out to Waters.

For our team, Stutsman and Waters got as far as second in the first and second inning, but we did not score till the sixth. Then Davis was hit by a pitched ball, and Stutsman's base on balls sent him to second. Rosson advanced them by a clean hit, and two or three wild throws let both home. Rosson scored a little later from third on Geilfuss's single.

Our prospects seemed fair for a close game with Catholic University Saturday, with a probable victory, and they might have been realized but for the unexpected change in the weather. The visitors were good batsmen, but our men also showed a partiality for Regan's swift shoots. Erd pitched the first five innings for us. Captain McTighe is the Catholics' best twirler, and he is so good at it that he is wanted in the National League; but he split his finger in practice a short time ago, and so is temporarily out of the game.

Acting-Captain J. J. O'Brien hit one of Erd's first balls for a single. McCurrick followed it up with another. Greene hit for two bases, bringing both home. Twohy was retired at first by Geilfuss, and Barclay singled, scoring Greene. Bolton struck out, and Barclay was thrown out at second by Andree in an attempted steal.

In the second and third innings the visitors were retired in order, but in the fourth seven men went to bat and two more runs were brought in. Barclay hit for two bases. A foul by Bolton was caught by Brooks. J. O'Brien was given a base on balls. Burns reached first on an error by Geilfuss, which let in Barclay, who had stolen third, and advanced O'Brien. Regan struck out. Capt. O'Brien was given a base on balls, and went to second on a passed ball, which let his brother home, McCurrick was put out by Brooks.

In the fifth, two hits were made, but Greene was thrown out at second by Andree, and Twohey ditto by Bumgardner, who also made the third out by catching Barclay's fly.

Thus far, our team had kept even, scoring one run each in the first three innings and two in the fifth.

Bumgardner and Davis flew out, but Stutsman made a single, went to second on a wild pitch, and home on Rosson's two-base hit. Brooks struck out.

Geilfuss led off in the second with a two-base hit, was advanced a base by Andree's single and came home on a wild throw. Barham, Erd and Bumgardner went out in order; the second on strikes, the others on outfield flies.

In the third, after Davis's strike-out, Stutsman made a beautiful drive for three bases to left field, and was brought in by Rosson's single. Rosson was thrown out at second in trying a steal, and Brooks at second.

Andree and Barham reached first on balls and an error in the fourth, with one out, but no runs were secured.

In the fifth, eight men went to bat. Three were given bases on balls, and these, with Geilfuss's single yielded two more runs.

Early in the game a cold windstorm came up, mingled with a little rain, and made it very disagreeable for spectators and players alike. The former stayed, however, through the five innings and part of the sixth, but then the sort of play and the increase in the storm drove the ladies home. The men sheltered themselves as best they could in front of the backstop and behind overturned benches.

This increase in the storm caused Capt. Davis to take Erd out of the box, to save his arm, and put Waters in in the sixth. Waters had been sitting on the bench till chilled through, and showed the bad effects. Three bases on balls, two on hits, and two on errors, with a wild pitch, a passed ball, etc., yielded a total of seven runs. His wildness was partly due to the strong wind as well as to chilliness, though the former did not seem to trouble Regan any. The remainder of the visiting team, too, seemed almost to play better for the storm.

After a single, a double, a wild pitch and a base on balls had brought in one run in the seventh, Rosson was taken from right field, and retired the side. Our team scored two runs in the sixth, on three singles.

In the eighth, a dispute with the umpire resulted in an agreement to stop the game on account of growing darkness and storm, the score going back to the seventh—13 to 7.

The co-ed's basket-ball team was defeated at Forest Glen by the girls of National Park Seminary, Saturday. Score: 18 to 16. Very little to say about it does this seem, but we know nothing of the sport, and but little more of the facts of this particular game.

The results of the second term's work is, on the whole, very satisfactory, especially to the seniors, of whom seven are excused—three men and four women. Of the juniors, four men and one woman are excused; of the sophs, two women; freshmen same as juniors; ducks, seniors figures reversed: total, twenty-six, an unusally large number. The number of fail or partial examinations is also less than usual.

Saturday forenoon the Lit reorganized. Mr. Rothert '98, was elected president; Mr. Bath, '98, vice-president; Mr. Long, '00, secretary; Mr. Eickhoff, '98, critic; Mr. Swanson, '01, treasurer; and Mr. Willis, '99, librarian. Mr. Peterson was chosen valedictorian for the seniors, and Mr. Willis, '99, respondent for the undergraduates—this for the last or valedictory meeting of the year.

Monday afternoon a special meeting of the Society was called to consider the postponement of the next literary meeting, the date of which falls on the fifteenth inst. As exams last until the sixth, and holidays from then till the twelfth, it will be seen that very little time would be left for preparation by the participants in the programme. The meeting, on account of this consideration, was postponed till the twenty-second.

For his lecture Sunday afternoon, Dr. Fay gave a very interesting bit of history, little known, to illustrate the text—"This is the Lord's doing and is marvelous in our eyes." He told how only forty-three years ago the Trimians, a tribe of Indians in northern British Columbia, were cannibals, and hostile to the whites. William Duncan went from England as missionary to them. He first stopped at a fort, and hired one of the Trimians to come and live with him, so they could learn each other's language. When he had mastered the native tongue he went often to preach to the Indians, and to show the truth of his preaching by his life and actions. The result while not quick in its growth was marvellous in the completeness of the change wrought. The Indians were completely civilized, built a town, a church, a town hall, a school-house, and other like buildings, had street-lamps and most of the other conveniences of towns of white people in more favored climates. Mr. Duncan introduced several kinds of manufacture. All went well until about eleven years ago, when the Episcopalian bishop of British Columbia took up his residence in their town. He began to find fault with many of their customs, which Mr. Duncan had, for the best of reasons, dropped. All this stirred up strife. The Indians applied to the Canadian government to have the objectionable bishop removed from their town. The answer was the astounding one that they were the Queen's subjects, and the land they supposed their own was hers, and they must submit to all. They finally sought help from the United States, Mr. Duncan representing their cause. Our government granted them Annette Island, Southern Alaska, as their home. This was less than twenty miles from their old town. They promptly began to tear down their houses to immigrate, but were told these belonged to the Queen, with the ground. So they were compelled to begin again empty-handed.

They, however, soon became as prosperous in their new home as in the old. All went well again till Fall. Then, during the gold excitement of the Klondike, some prospectors visited Annette Island, claimed they found traces of gold, and applied to our government to re-claim the island from the Indians and throw it open to gold seekers The subject was considered by Congress, but Dr. Fay was happy to say that body had not done as the gold-hunters wished and was not likely to do so, as a Congressman in authority on the subject recently told him.

Miss Runck, '98, is the subject of general congratulation here. Sunday forenoon, Dr. Gallaudet announced to his class (and hers), the seniors, that she had been tendered the position of librarian in the Lexington Avenue school, New York City, to begin her duties at once. The Faculty kindly consent to let her accept, and pursne her studies by herself, returning at Presentation, for her degree; and to the June exams and Commencement. She departed Monday forenoon, with best wishes from all her friends. Her "co-ed." classmates gave her a farewell party and present Saturday evening.

Mr. Jackson, '98, recently received by mail a curious looking object which he has been exhibiting with great complacency and importance. As to its exterior, it is an ovate, brown, woody shell, about ten or twelve inches long. Only three here knew that it was a cocoanut with the husk on. It is from Mr. Kerney, '85, who has been spending the winter at Palm Beach, Florida, which is, as he says, only a few hundred yards from Cuba. He sent the students a jocular message about that island advising us to get our rifles loaded with *beans*, and appoint him drummer of our company. He intended to pay the island a short visit and then return north. He has leased the summer hotel at Bear Lithia Springs, where he spent part of last season regaining his health, and will live there and run the place during the summer.

Apropos of Cuba, the collection for that Spanish flag goes merrily in spite of the pious horror of our most eminent American Li Hung Chang. Boys will be boys it seems, as much here as in all other colleges, even if they cause the gray hairs of their elder brothers, sons of the same alma mater, to go down in sorrow to the grave. Shades of our virtuous forefathers, console them!

Mr. Driggs, Normal, received a call from his friends, Mrs. Congressman King and her sister, Miss Lyman, of Utah, the other day.

Mr. Fister, '98, wishes it to be known by all whom it may concern that the invisible mustache, which has so long been adorning his upper lip, has fallen a victim to the trenchant blade of the barber; and that instead of bemoaning its loss, college femininity is unanimous in congratulations of his release from his burden.

Fellows Henne and White took turn about entertaining (?) the Kendall School pupils by "lectures" Friday evening. "Misery loves company."

Messrs. Henne and Driggs purpose to make an expedition to "Old Hartford," Northampton, Fanwood, Trenton, Mount Airy, etc., during the Easter holidays. At least, they did so purpose, but are proving as procrastinating as the President. The trouble is, they cannot tear themselves away from Washington just now, when "great events are on the gale." They don't want to lose any of the history that is making, and yet to be made here.

A. E.

Scarlet Fever and Deafness.

Ear disease occurs more frequently scarlet fever than any other known complaint. Aural surgeons have written various treat s s on the subject, and seem to generally agree that sore throat causes the ear trouble that is so frequent. Far and away the large majority of ear diseases comes from the throats, being catarrhal in their origin.

The ears are affected in two ways: either there is an acute inflammation of the middle ear, the drum membrane is perforated, and this is allowed to continue, the type of many a long-standing case of otorrhœa. The other is the chronic dry catarrh that comes on comparatively slowly. Both of these affect the ear by extension of the catarrhal disease of the throat through the Eustachian tube, therefore the practical means is to treat the throat during the fever. The first means is to move the accumulations from the nose and throat by a solution of borax, bicarbonate of soda, and common salt. This is done frequently, followed by a spray or gargle of chlorate of potash. There is no local remedy equal to chlorate of potash to prevent ear complication during acute throat disease.

In case suppuration of the middle ear has already taken place, with perforation of the drum, the case should immediately be treated, not allowing the inflammation to become chronic—filling the canal three times daily with peroxide of hydrogen, followed by syringing with warm water. When the active inflammation symptoms have subsided, some astringent ear drops—such as sulphate of zinc, five grams to the ounce of water—should be used in connection.

If this treatment is carried out from the outest, in almost every case the drum membrane will reform and hearing be good.—*Our Deaf and Dumb.*

Services in the Diocese of Albany.

SUNDAY, APRIL 10.

10:30 A.M., St. Paul's, Troy, Morning Prayer.
3 P.M., St. Paul's, Albany, Evening Prayer.

MONDAY, APRIL 11.

7:30 P.M., Trinity, Watervliet, Confirmation.

H. VAN ALLEN.
Lay-Missionary.

The queen of England owns a dress manufactured entirely of spiders' webs. It was a present from the late Empress of Brazil, who had it specially prepared in her palace by twenty native silk-workers.

In the famous garden of Olives, at Jerusalem, there are eight flourishing olive trees that are known to be over 1,000 years old.

The juice of the loaf-beetle, diamphidia, and its larva, are used for poisoning arrowheads by the bushmen of the South African district Kalahari.

At Port Royal, Jamaica, for six months in the year thunder storms are of almost daily occurrence, and guests to picnes and garden parties are usually invited to assemble "after the thunder storm!"

Cretan olive groves were injured to the extent of $10,000,000 during the recent troubles on the island.

Japanese auctions are silent. Each bidder writes name and bid on a ship of paper, which he places in a box.

Before the Reformation, 50 per cent of the land in the United Kingdom belonged to the Church.

NEW YORK.

April Ushers in a Northwesterner.

THE L. E. S. ELECTS OFFICERS.

The Coming Entertainment on Friday April 15th--The News of the Week and Personal Items of Interest.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Theo. I. Lounsbary's address is 208 East 59th Street, New York City.

April, which is supposed to bring balmy spring weather with it, has departed from its usual custom, and given us a supply cold weather so far. Even a few snowflakes fell Sunday morning. Winter overcoats were the fashion, and the pedal pushers, who started out, kept up a brisk pace to keep warm. There were few of them, however, and but three of the deaf defied the northwestern wind and egged their way to the Washington Bridge.

The next run is scheduled for Coney Island, to meet at East 23d Street Ferry at 10 A. M., on the 10th inst.

The League of Elect Surds had an important business meeting Saturday. An hour was allowed for the revised Constitution and By-Laws. One clause brought forth brief but heated debate, but was settled by the strong hand of the majority, and it is believed the rest will be adopted without discussion at the next meeting.

The election of officers for the ensuing twelve months was gone with less excitement than witnessed at previous meetings. E. A. Hodgson was re-elected President by a handsome majority. A. Capelli was elected to fill the Vice-President's chair. T. F. Fox was re-elected Treasurer; Ad. Ekartd had no difficulty in getting the Secretaryship, and J. F. O'Brien, A. L. Pach and Moses Heyman were elected members of the Executive Committee. Fred Hoffman was the successful Sergeant-at-arms candidate. The unsuccessful candidates, all of whom with one exception were placed on the "opposition" ticket, anticipated the success of the regular ticket, and therefore were prepared for defeat. The nominating committee, Messrs. Soper, Souweine and M. Heyman, were the same as last year.

Sixteen members were present, the highest number in some months. The annual banquet will be held on Saturday, April 16th.

The Silent Wheelmen's Entertainment is but a week off. It occurs next week Friday evening, at the Central Opera House, 67th Street, east of Third Avenue. The committee have got everything down to a nicety and no one need fear to attend. There will be seats for all, but the wise ones who come early will get the best seats, unless they already hold reserved seat tickets. The performance will commence at 8.15 sharp, and occupy less than two hours, after which dancing and social intercourse will prevail until the early hours of morning.

Remember the date, Friday, April 15th.

Joseph D. Lever, of Ilion, N. Y., will be in town next week to take in the entertainment and incidentally to visit old friends and schoolmates.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Kohlmetz spend Easter Sunday in Ridgefield, N. J., with little Albert and Amelia. Mr. Kohlmetz has suffered considerably from the Cuban situation, as his employers have found it hard to yet Havana tobacco from there, and consequent'y work has been rather slack the past two years.

Fred. R. Stryker has ordered a "Wolff-American" bicycle.

Frank B. Thompson is soon to receive his "Remington" wheel.

J. F. O'Brien expects his "League" this or next week.

The firm name of Flanagan Fox has been changed to Flanagan & Co., the same gentlemen composing the firm. They have moved downtown, to 335 Broadway, Room 36, where they are prepared, with increased facilities, to prosecute their real estate and law business.

If you have the "blues" and want to feel merry, come to the entertainment next Friday, April 15th. All wheelmen and their friends should help fill the house.

A birthday celebration in honor of Mr. Alexander Batailley's 64th birthday, was held at his residence, 439 Knickerbocker Ave., Brooklyn, on Sunday, April 3d.

Mr. Batailley is a Frenchman, and came from Paris, France, fourteen years ago, and Mr. and Mrs. Batailley are mutes and have one on who is a steward by occupation. Mr. Batailley has been with the Richard Hoe & Co., printing press manufacturers, ever since he came from here. The arrangements were conducted by Mr. Geo. Lindeman, and among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. S. Nibler, Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln C. Schindler, Mr. Leo. Greis, and a lady friend, Mr. and Mrs. Conzelman, George Werner and lady friend, George Kinsey, Peter Kearth, S. Neble, William Panze, W. Nachumshon, W. Vlack, H. Echert, W. Kollenbaum and some hearing people. It was a glorious in itself affair and lasted until midnight, with plenty of speeches and toasts for the host.

ST. LOUIS.

Members of Congress seem to be about as united in their opposition to the so-called Garrett Bill as they are to the continued Spanish occupation of Cuba, if the numerous letters received from members may be taken as a criterion. Here are a few sampes of the many received:

"I beg to say that you can count upon my opposition to H. R. Bill 66, Report 31, and vote against it."

"I thank you for the valuable hints in regard to the bill you mention. I shall do as requested."

"There is not much chance for passage of H. R. Bill, 66, except by unanimous consent, and that I don't believe it will get."

"Allow me to say that I am on the committee of education which reported the Bill you refer to, and reserved the privilege of opposing it, when it comes before the House, which I certainly expect to do."

Members of Congress know the value of *speech*, but it is an encouraging *sign* to see them *combining* that knowledge with common sense.

The organ of the Illinois Institution, ycleped the *New Era*, from time to time, calls attention to the original articles contained in its columns and to the authors thereof. The above mentioned paper certainly entered upon a new era, when it began to publish something original. The articles to which it calls attention, and which it takes just pride, are mostly written by the teachers of the school. Had not these teachers been *required* to write on an average of six articles each during the scholastic year, the *Era* would have had to depend as formerly upon the shears and paste pot for its usual supply of copy. What strikes us as rather singular is that while the *New Era* is claimed to be the private property of the editor, and is used as such, the teachers of the State School are required to contribute to its columns. If it was an institution paper in every sense of the word, as it ought to have been these many years, it would be reasonable to expect teachers to write for it. In either case, the teachers should receive a free copy of the paper in return for their services, which is more than the Illinois teachers now get under the circumstances; we doubt, if most of these teacher contributors ever see their articles in print.

The public opinion meeting, last evening, was of course largely attended. The chief topic of the evening was the relation between Spain and this country, concerning the destruction of the Maine and the war in Cuba. The President, the Cabinet, Congress, the Board of Inquiry, General Lee, General Woodford, and others, received their just meed of praise, while the Dons were dyed a fast jet-black.

It is very gratifying to note the popular approval given our suggestion in regard to the deaf of America presenting the deaf of France with a bust of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet in 1900. Keep the matter agitated and gather in the mites.

The Rev. Edmund Duckworth officiated at St. Thomas' Mission last Sunday afternoon, Miss Pearl Herdman interpreting.

Mrs. Garth, from the outskirts of the city, is visiting Mrs. A. N. Merrell.

Miss Alice Taylor has returned to her home in Marionville, Mo., after a visit of several weeks in the city as the guest of Miss Florence Phelps.

Mr. Arthur Rink and Mr. W. H. Phelps, Jr., have joined the north side Y. M. C. A. They were attracted thereto by the gymnasium and reading room.

If "Myrtle," of Baltimore, will kindly sign his name, we do not anticipate any difficulty in recognizing him as a little boy we used to know.

April 2, 1898.

J. H. C.

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

APRIL.

8—7:30 P.M., Cincinnati. Good Friday Sermon.
9—7:30 P.M., Indianapolis, Guild Rooms. Confirmation Lecture.
10—9 A.M., Indianapolis.
10—10:30 A.M., Indianapolis. Holy Communion.
10—4 P.M., Indianapolis. Service.
10—7:30 P.M., Indianapolis. Confirmation by Bishop White
11—7:30 P.M., Terre Haute. Service.
15—7:30 P.M., Canton, O. Service.
16—7:30 P.M., Pittsburgh. Instruction on Confirmation.
17—11 A.M., Pittsburgh. Holy Communion.
17—3 P.M., Pittsburgh. Confirmation by Bishop Whitehead.
17—7:30 P.M., Pittsburgh. Probable.
20—Evening. Indianapolis.

Additional appointments will be published soon. The address of the Rev. Mr. Mann is Gambier, Ohio.

PHILADELPHIA.

An Illustrated Lecture on Mexico.

THE GARRETT GRAB BILL.

A Deaf-Mute Wedding—And Lots of Brevities.

From our Philadelphia Correspondent.

Through the kindness of its good friend, John P. Walker, Esq., the Clerc Literary Association was enabled to give its members and friends a truly enjoyable time on Thursday evening last, 31st ult. Mr. Walker, who had originally been invited to lecture before the Association, sprung a snrprise upon it later by announcing that Theodore C. Knauff, Esq., representing the Board of Trade, had kindly consented to give an illustrated lecture on Mexico, on the above date, while he offered his services as interpreter. His offer was promptly endorsed by the Literary Committee, and the lecture proved all that he had claimed for it, or rather more.

Mr. Knauff first gave his views on the country which he visited in the interests of trade. He thinks that, while money is plenty and the cost of living cheap there, it is no place for American working people to go to for building up fortunes. The Mexicans are far behind us in civilization. He could only advise such as had money to spend to visit the country.

His views seemed to have been fully borne out on canvas afterwards. There were one hundred of them, all superb and of a most interesting character. Each one was described by him orally and interpreted by Mr. Walker, rendering them doubly interesting. They were fully appreciated by an audience which fairly packed All Souls' Hall.

The Garrett Grab Bill (as some please to call it) is not to our liking any more than to our esteemed "F. P. G." We predict also that the Clerc Literary Association will not endorse it. The papers, sent by Rev. Mr Cloud, reached us on a Wednesday evening, and were informally discussed before the Association on the following Thursday evening, as we reported. Ain't that quick? The fact that no official action was taken on the matter then, was because the meeting was held for literary purposes, whereas all business is transacted at stated or special meetings. Even if it had been otherwise, the facts justified the delay. This may not be altogether plain to the worthy Chicagoian, and we shall state why we think so, at the risk of being opposed of him.

While we regard the bill with apprehension and should like to see it defeated, we can not be blind to the fact that the influence from this State, which backs it, is possibly greater than we can hope to counteract with effect. Since the bill appears to be favored by our best congressmen, or, at least, by some of them, and is backed by such leading citizens of Pennsylvania as are named in the bill as trustees of the fund, it seems presaged that we can do nothing more than protest.

Did not the Chicago deaf have some kind of experience like it with their State Legislature quite recently? And, judging from recent reports, are not the deaf of Ohio dreading a similar experience? How much more successful have the New York deaf been in such experiences? Like them, the Pennsylvania deaf might talk, protest, denounce, and fight, but still do nothing more than display their intelligence. That may be all right, but we believe that judgment is the better quality. One may show intelligence, and yet lack good judgment. It is no crime to go slow. Let the body which can do the most effective work handle the matter and our duty will be done. Among our societies, the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf, representing the deaf of the State, might, through its Board of Managers, take action upon the subject at once, or else leave it to the consideration of the society at it's coming meeting in August.

However, under all the circumstances, we believe that the deaf of other States can do much more effective work than we, since the measure originated from and is supported by the Congressional representatives from Pennsylvania. The bill can only become operative with the help of the representatives of the other great States. For us deaf, it is like fighting against great odds though we may and shall most likely enter upon record our unqualified protest against such a measure.

On March 30th, at 8:15 o'clock in the evening, Miss Anna Zeust was married to Mr. Otto Koenig, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. L Tharp, 2126 Wharton Street, Rev. J. M. Koehler performing the ceremony. The bride wore a brown silk dress, trimmed with white lace, and carried a large bouquet of bridal roses, and the groom wore the conventional evening dress. Miss Mary Dawson, of Mt. Airy, acted as bridesmaid, and Mr. John M. Wismer was best man. A reception followed the wedding. The happy couple were made the recipients of a number of beautiful and useful presents. They left on the 10 o'clock train for New York for a brief honeymoon.

On their return they will go to housekeeping in the northwestern part of the city. Among those who attended the wedding were Mr. R. Jones, Mrs. William Tripple, Mr. L. Allen, Mr. and Mrs T. Jolly, Misses O. and A. Wallen, Mr. and Mrs. Keough, Mr. and Mrs. E. Tharp, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Massich, of Wilmington, Del.; Miss Bessie Smith, Miss E. Tharp, Miss E. Allen, Misses Mary and Maggie On, Mrs. and Miss Ranchfuss, of Camden, N. J.; Mr. and Mrs. Bowen, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Lipsett, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. F. Stumpf, Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Waterhouse, Mr. and Mrs. J. Tarry, of Upland, Pa.; Miss E. R. Hamilton, Mr. F. C. Smielau, Mr. R. E. Underwood, Mr. Joseph Dorfner, Misses E. Loughridge and S. McKinney, Mr. William McKinney, Mr. Ira Poorman, and Mr. Charles Partington, of Chester, Pa.

In a recent account of a "revival of rowing activity at the Roman Catholic High School," in the *Ledger*, the following note appeared:

"Harry Bulger, 1900, No. 6, is a deaf mute. He is eighteen years old, weighs 159 pounds, and is five feet and nine inches tall. He is a graduate of the Pennsylvania Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, at which institute he played on and captained both the football and baseball teams. He plays on the Conshohocken team, at which place he lives. Bulger will catch for the school baseball team this spring. He played left half-back on the football team last fall, and was a tower of strength to it."

Gossip of the Kensington Club for the Deaf: Levi Cooper, whose absence from the club room for quite a while was felt by the members, has recovered from an illness and is about again.

Much interest is taken in the Club's baseball team. The members expect to have a strong nine in the field in the coming season. Baseball, they say, is to be the hobby of the club. Captain J. Brown has been hard at work in getting up a good team. In order that it may get plenty of practice, it is proposed to organize a second team.

The members are showing their patriotism to Uncle Sam by raisiug contributions towards the purchase of a battleship to replace the Maine, or for the monument fund.

Adam Hartig visited the club on Saturday evening and seemed with it.

George Cowan is known as an earnest worker and takes a deep interest in the club.

A book-case is being put up in the club-room.

At the last meeting there was a great effort made to change the meeting time from Saturday to Thursday, but it failed.

It is rumored that Mr. Richard Ormrod, of Frankford, will wed Miss Ida Boyer, of Wilmington, Del., on April 14th.

Prof. John Add. McIlvaine Jr., is to lecture on "Alaska, the new Eldorado," before the Deaf-Mutes' Mutual Club, on Saturday evening, April 23d.

Mr. Spencer M. Hannold gave a supper in honor of his birthday on March 27th. Lhe following sat at the table:—Miss Lizzie Ford, of Gloucester, N J., Mr. and Mrs. Jas. T. Young, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Waterhouse, Miss Edna Stevenson, Mr. Staley, and Mr. Wm. McKinney.

Miss Katie Bonskowsky, of Shamokin, Pa., has taken Miss Sheddy's place in the laundry at the Mt. Airy Institution.

A boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. J. Brutsche, of Camden, N. J., on March 23d. They will name him John Albert.

Frank P. Zell of Manayunk, goes to Atlantic City, next Saturday, for a couple of days.

Miss Annie B. Sheddy returned to the city last week, which was sooner than she had expected. A city laundry desired her services at once and wrote for her.

We admit that we were caught napping by the redoubtable "Telephone Man," having had the impression that Dr. Westervelt was married lately.

Great news alle samee!

April 4, '89. J. R. S.

Judge Hawkins once had to sentence an old swindler, and he gave him seven years. The man in the dock squirmed and whined: "Oh, my lord, I'll never live half the time." Hawkins took another look at him and answered: "I don't think it is at all desirable that you should."

Young father—"Is it a boy or a girl?"

Doctor (a cyclist)—"No, it's a—tandem!"—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

STATE OF OHIO.

Souvenir of the Ohio Institution.

A QUESTIONABLE IMPROVEMENT.

Law for Educating Blind Deaf-Mutes.

[New items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

The long-looked for Souvenir of the Ohio Institution, by Mr. C. C. Johnston, is at last out. Whether it will meet the expectations of the subscribers, and those especially interested in the work, remains to be seen. Doubtlessly there will be some disappointed in that the work is not as full as it might be. This, however, is more the fault of the *Alumni* than the publisher. The latter did his best under the circumstances, but failed to meet with the response from those who should have extended aid in its preparation. What there is of the work will prove valuable in after years, and it is to be regretted that it is not more full. We believe this is the first undertaking of the kind, and will therefore be the pioneer of subsequent publications coming under this head. One thing that mars the book are the advertisments used to fill it out, and in some places they intersperse the reading matter and illustrations.

The book is printed on heavy paper and is typographically neat.

The two most notable and interesting contributions are the reminiscences of Dr. G. O. Fay and Mr. Robert Patterson. Their reading will recall to mind many of the incidents connected with the school by those who were pupils then, and it is a pity not more of the kind are given.

Part I. deals with the past history of the institution, and of men who took a leading part therein, also a list of all the teachers from 1830 to the present time.

Part II. treats of the institution of to-day, describing all its departments and the inner life of the pupils, and giving portraits and biographical sketches of persons connected therewith.

Part III. relates to the Alumniin which is given a number of half-tone cuts of those who received their education here, together with short biographical sketches.

Part IV. refers to the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf, the Ladies' Aid Society, History of the Alumni Association, Baseball and Football clubs, Anderson Deaf-Mute Society, together with other interesting matter.

Pictures of all the Superintendents of the Institution are given with one exception, and it is to be greatly regreted that the cut of Mr. Weed is not in. It was omitted from some oversight.

The *State Journal* gives the following notice of the work.

A very handsome and entertaining history of the Ohio School for the Deaf has just been published by C. C. Johnston, of this city.

It reviews the career of the Institu ion from the days when Dr. Hoge aroused the public conscience to its need, up until the present time. The Ohio School was the fifth to be established in the Northwest territory.

With it are associated the names of many of the prominent deaf-mute educators of the country and its alumni list is long and illustrious. Among the features of the work just issued, is a chapter of reminiscences by Professor Gilbert Otis Fay, for over twenty years Superintendent of the Ohio School and now of the American Asylum, at Hartford, Conn. Another article by Professor Robert Patterson, who has been identified with the school in the capacities of student, teacher and principal for more than quarter of a century, is likewise replete with valuable historical incidents. The work it not only highly meritorious in its subject matter, but it is beautifully printed and illustrated with upward of two hundred half-tone engravings. The book pleasingly sets forth the importance of one of the most noted of Ohio's public institutions.

A writer in the *Dispatch* complains because the suggestion of Chief Hunnilter, of the Fire department to make a rear entrance to the grounds of the institution has not been carried out. There is already one entrance there on the east side, but another one is wanted on the west. For one, we see no necessity for it. Fire engines can come into the grounds already by four gates, and do all the fire fighting that is necessary about the building in case of a conflagration. The real purpose of the writer, we opine, in his whine is not for the good of the institution but for the public. By having a gate at the point desired, would allow carriages and wagons to pass through the grounds from Oak Street to Town Street, at the risk of the pupils. As it is now, the pupils are bothered enough by teams driving through the place and frequently interrupting their games.

The bill providing for the instruction of the deaf and dumb and blind became a law Tuesday. Pupils of this class cannot enter the institution earlier than their fourth year and they may remain fifteen years. No fixed compensation for teachers of these pupils is named, the amount being left with the superintendent and trustees to decide upon.

Mr. Fred. Schwartz became an employe of the State Bindery yesterday. He has been, for a year as so, assisting in the kitchen work of the institution. Mr. George Clum takes his place.

The lady teachers and officers had full sway in the girls' recreation hall last night, tripping the light fantastic toe with their friends.

April 2,—'98.

A. B. G.

Michigan City, Indiana.

March 26th, the Rev. P. J. Hasenstab, of Chicago, conducted religious services at South Bend and Laporte.

The Laporte Mission met from two to four o'clock, in the parlor of the Methodist Church, with eleven deaf and three hearing persons present.

The Bible lesson was upon the subject, "An Incorruptible Inheritance." The scripture reading was from II. Timothy, 1, and Rev. Hasenstab took for the day's text the 12th verse—"For I know whom I have believed."

Several hymns were rendered and the collection taken, Mr. Nordyke substituting for the regular secretary, who was absent. April 30th was set for the next meeting.

Mrs. H. W. Whitmore is still quite ill and under a physician's care. She will soon go to Mishawaka to remain with her grandmother for an indefinite time.

Miss Lou McCormick who, spent over three months at Indianapolis, has returned to her home at Argos.

Mrs. C. S. Cloud and Miss Daisy Hostetler, of Michigan City, went to Laporte on the 26th ultimo, and remained until the following Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Nordyke, of Door Village, entertained the following deaf persons on the 27th ultimo:—Mr. and Mrs. Will Miller, of Union Mills, Mrs. S. C. Cloud and Miss Hostetler, of Michigan City, and also Miss Mary Nordyke, of Laporte.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas King have left Laporte, and it is said they have moved to Portland, Oregon, but we have no means of verifying the report. They have probably packed themselves bag and baggage off to the Klondike.

June 10th, 11th and 12th, are the dates decided upon for the Indiana reunion, and fifty cents a day will be charged for meals to those making the Institution their headquarters while at Indianapolis.

Northern Indiana will probably furnish its full quota of delegates to the reunion, although those we have interviewed thus far in regard to the matter, do not give us much encouragement.

We see every day some new harbinger of spring, even if the weather was not so bright and warm. The robins have returned, the buds are appearing on the trees, the grass is fresh and green, and the purple violets are lifting their saucy little faces to the passers-by in the woods. Truly, winter is over and gone, spring has come, flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of the birds is come and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.

March 31, '98. PITTI SING.

ANSWERED.

The doctor who made the reply noted below, was wise, because he replied to a question which no one could answer, in such terms that the questioner thought him wise. Doubtless he knows when to give bread pills, chalk powders and illtasting but harmless drops.

"Doctor," said an old lady to her family physician, "can you tell me how it is that some children are born dumb?"

"Why—certainly, madam," replied the doctor. "It is owing to the fact that they come into the world without the faculty of speech."

"Dear me!" remarked the old lady, "now just see what it is to be educated like a doctor. I've asked my husband the same thing more than a dozen times, and all I could get out of him was, 'Because they are!'"

The doctor laughed.

Henry George was traveling once on a sleeping-car. The porter came to brush the dust off him and "work" him for the customary quarter. There were but few passengers. George reflected on the fact that Pullman paid his poor black hirelings little or naught, and relied on their ability to brush and gouge the public instead, and determined to give him all the change he found in his pocket. He thought there might be about sixty cents, but there actually was three dollars in quarters, halves and dimes. He gave it all to the darky, who dropped his broom and stared at the tip and then at George. "This all fo' me, boss?" he gasped. "It's all for you," replied George. The darky looked at the little, rusty, modest man and again at his handful of silver. "Wow!" he ejaculated, "it's true as the good book puts it, you nevah cain tell how fah a toad kin jump twell you sees him hop."

CHICAGO.

(From our Chicago Correspondent.)

[News items for this column may be sent to F. P. Gibson, 3439 Prairie Ave., Chicago.]

The Ladies' Aid Society requests the presence of all at its Easter entertainment, Saturday evening, the 9th. The affair occurs at the lecture room of the church.

Special Easter service will be held at the M. E. church next Sunday. There will also be three infants baptized.

A. Stein, formerly of New York, but now a popular tailor here, has been very ill with appendicitis for over a month. However, he is slightly improved at this writing.

Mrs. Louisa Pearce is also on the sick list.

C. C. Colby is back at his old case on the *Legal News*. After trying the *University Press*, he concluded to return to his old place.

Paterfamilias and Mater do. of quite a few of our deaf families are these days busy preparing for May day—that is, moving day.

A party of the older pupils, at Jacksonville, numbering about 15 of both sexes, were in town over Sunday, having taken advantage of a cheap excursion. They were in evidence, seeing the sights Saturday and at church Sunday.

The whist cranks of the club were not content with one tournament and arrangements have been made for another Saturday evening, the 23d. Another set of prizes will be awarded and attempts made to wrest the "laurels" from Messrs. Long and Brimble, who at present hold them.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Schroeder, March 29th, a son.

"Flashes of Light from an Imprisoned Soul" is the title of a neat, little, cloth-bound book from the pen of Clarence J. Selby, the blind deaf-mute who has made the Buffalo School famous, as have the Helen Kellers and Willie Robins made other halls of learning. The book has been issued by a local firm and is well worth the small price asked for it—25 cents. It contains, besides a portrait and sketch of the author's life, descriptive accounts of his visit to the World's Fair, to the McCowan school and other places, of acquaintance with Mr. Konishi the Japanese director of the Tokyo school, and his idea of Mr. Konishi's appearance and personality, also two poems entitled 'A Butterfly" and "A Reply." Mr. Selby is not known to many of us, as he is in the habit of attending the gatherings of the deaf only at Catholic school and church services. However, the Rev. Mr. Hasenstab has taken an interest in him and is assisting him to dispose of his book. F. P. G.

LINCOLN, NEB.

For four Sundays, successively, we were favored with the most delightful weather imaginable, although it was disagreeable enough during the week.

Naturally we concluded that the last Sunday in the month would be as beautiful or more so. We might have known that March is the most treacherous of months.

As it were, we experienced a snow storm, which for a few hours promised to be a record breaker for the year even this late in the season, but which was of short duration. While it lasted, coming from the North-west with an icy breeze, a general freezing up was evident. Towards five o'clock Old Sol's rays penetrated the clouds and the storm was over. The next day was as bright and warm as one could wish it be to The most characteristic feature of Nebraska is winds.

We read about a lady from back east visiting the west for the first time and who, on her first day in the city, said she noticed as she came in, papers and rubbish blown up against the fences and lodged in the branches of trees, she supposed that there must have been a wind here lately.

A few days afterward, as she was going out to call with her friend, a gushing reception was given her from the outside; her eyes full of dust, her skirts flopping like a patriotic flag, her hair blown in every direction and her hat tossing from side to side, she shrieked trying to make herself heard above the wind. "When did the weather man say that this cyclone was due to leave Lincoln?"

"It is not booked to leave at all," replied her friend ruefully. "It is one of the old settlers that we don't seem able either to induce to leave or settle." "Gracious," sighed the lady, adjusting her hat as best as she could, "I am grateful to know that it is not likely to follow me east."

So it is through life, we notice the dark days more than we do the bright ones. Lincoln is taking on new life. We see improvements on every hand. New factories are being built. The B. & M. shops, at Havelock, are doing a rushing business. Evidently the good old days of prosperity are coming back.

Nebraska, as a State, has fully recovered from her depressed condition, caused by drouth, and today has food enough for the distressed in other lands.

Volta Bureau
1601—35th St

FANWOOD.

Pioneer Days in Manhattan.

A FRIEND OF THE DEAF.

A Baseball Game--The Usual Budget of Brevities.

From our Fanwood Correspondent.

Prof. R. D. Hoyt entertained the members of the Literary Association with a very interesting lecture on "New York City." He described the founding of the city from the day Hendrick Hudson first discovered it for the Dutch, down to the present epoch, and gave some very interesting facts of how this great city was governed two hundred years ago. After relating how the Dutch came into posession of the land through a bargain with the Indians, the lecturer narrated the incidents that occurred down to the revolution, when it then went into the posession of the English. In 1652 there were then only 100 houses and 1500 people. In 1720 the city's expenses were only $1,200 where to day they are over thirty million dollars. At the time of the Revolution there were only 20,000 people, where now there are nearly a million and three quarters. The streets were lighted with whale oil. Each house owner was compelled to clean the street fronting his premises twice a week, and a man with a bell would come along daily to gather up all the garbage. He then drew a comparison between the number of theatres, school-houses, Banks and Public libraries, winding up with an account of Greater New York, its present condition, and what prospects there were for its future from the consolidation of several other cities into one metropolis, making it the largest richest and most populous city in America and the probability of its becoming the first in the world. It should be here mentioned that, notwithstanding his inability to use the sign language freely, Mr. Hoyt managed to explain himself so well that the pupils were made to feel interested in all that was told.

The following is extracted from the "*Le Bon Air*," a weekly *Journal* published for the patrons and guests of the hotel from which it receives its name at Augusta, Ga.:

Homer N. Lockwood, of New York, an annual visitor to the Bon Air, arrived during the week and will spend three weeks here before returning North. He is much interested in Augusta and is sounding the praises of the Bon Air over the world, over which he has made four trips, and says there is no hotel that he knows of that equals the Bon Air.

Hon. Homer N. Lockwood, of New York City, arrived at the Bon Air on Friday via Florida. Mr Lockwood has been a regular guest for many years, alternating about every other year with long tours in every part of our own country, some years to Alaska, Mexico, South America, West Indies, Europe, Egypt, and the Holy Land. Two years ago he did not come to our little suburban mountains for he went around the world. A guest told the writer that it was better than reading a new travel book to hear Mr. L. relate his experiences in the Sandwich Islands and riding hundreds of miles over Japan in a Jinriksha, riding on the shoulders of four Chinamen in Canton, seeing elephants at work in Ceylon and riding them through the mountain passes of the Rajputana, in the jungles of India, and ascending the Himalaya Mountains to see the sun rise over Mts. Everett and Kin-Chinjunga, 29,000 feet nigh. Mr. L. said it paid for the whole nine months' trip to spend five days and nights looking upon that pearl of the world, the Taj-Mahal, which the Mogul wonder and emperor, Shah Jahan, erected at a cost of 15 millions, requiring 20,000 men 17 years to build. Mr. Lockwood is a enthusiast over the location and good qualities of the Bon Air. In fact, years before this hotel was built he urged the late Mr. Alfred Baker, then president of the Augusta Bank, to form a company and erect a hotel, as he then regarded it as he does now, an ideal location for Northern people to winter in.

Mr. Lockwood is a member of the Institution and a warm friend of the deaf.

On Monday, April 4th, 1898, at the Ohio Field the Base-Ball Team of New York University played a game with the Fanwood, A. A. Attendance—500.

FANWOOD, A. A.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
E. Rappolt, 2b.,	5	1	2	0	2	0
T. Orman, 3b.,	5	1	1	1	0	0
J. Avens, 1b.,	5	0	1	14	1	0
H Muench, s s.,	5	0	1	3	5	3
J Ellsis, l.f.,	5	1	1	0	0	0
T. G Cook, c.,	4	1	1	5	0	0
H. Anderson, c.f.,	4	1	0	1	0	0
E. Moeslein, r.f.,	4	1	0	2	0	0
E. Ellis, Jr., pit.,	4	2	1	1	2	2
Totals,	41	8	8	24	10	5

N. Y. UNIVERSITY.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Abbot, 2b.,	7	3	2	5	1	1
Craft, 1b.,	6	3	2	10	0	0
Lambert, 3b.,	6	4	2	4	1	0
VanBleck, c.f.,	6	3	1	1	0	0
Hatch, s s.,	6	3	0	2	4	0
Valentine, r.f.,	6	2	2	1	0	1
Northrope, l.f.,	6	3	1	1	0	0
Haynes, c.,	4	0	0	2	0	0
Belcher, c.,	2	0	1	2	0	0
Ladue, p.,	2	0	0	0	3	0
Brecker, p.,	2	1	1	0	2	0
Taylor, p.,	2	1	0	0	1	0
Totals,	55	23	11	27	11	2

INNINGS	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
FANWOOD.	1	0	1	0	0	5	0	1	0	—8
N. Y. U.	1	0	5	2	3	0	1	11	x	—23

Earned Runs.—Fanwood 5; N. Y. University, 12. Two base hits.—Orman, Rappolt, Ellis, and Van Bleck. Three base hit—Valentine. Sacrfice hits—Muench and Valentine. Stolen bases—Ellis and Craft. Struck out by Ellis 5, and Taylor 2 Base on balls—Ellis 7, Ladue 2, and Brecker, 1. Wild Pitch—Ellis 2, and Ladue, 1. Hits by pitched balls—Ellis 2, Ladue 2, Brecker 1, and Taylor 1. Passed balls—Cook 5, and Haynes 4. Left on bases—Fanwood 6, and N. Y. U. 7. Time of game 2 hours, and 15 minutes. Umpire—Foster, of N. Y. U. Scorer, H. Heerdt.

A visit to the Wild West Show, will give you a very comprehensive idea of the early history of this country. Here the life of the aborigines, the early settlers and the various ways in which they strove to obtain a living in a new and unknown country were brought out as if they are real. The methods of transportation, previous to the iron highways, and how the U.S. Mail was conveyed across the trackless waste of country, were also seen. Also many varieties of riders from all parts of the world. Those of the deaf who have never been to this kind of an exhibition should not fail to take it in during its stay in the metropolis.

On Sunday, Sergeants James McAllister and Walter Wilson and Corporal James Wilson, members of Company D, 22d Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., together with Mr. and Mrs. William G. Ulitch and Misses Morris and Matherson, called to see Chief Tutor W. H. Van Tassell. They saw the pupils at battalion review, and were shown aronnd.

Miss Underhill, of Brooklyn, and Miss Follansbee, of Vermont, were the guests of Miss S. B. Hanmer Saturday afternoon last.

Messrs. E. Rappholdt and E. Elsworth were at the Wild West Show Friday evening last.

Misses Kunkeli and Hohn were guests of Miss Sophia Kleinhausen Saturday evening last.

In anticipation of a conflict over the settling of the Cuban affair, the boys and girls are scanning the papers and discussing the strength of Uncle Sam's flotilla and land forces in a way like unto the way former pupils were won't to tell us of a generation ago, how things prevailed during the rebellion.

A sudden drop in temperature, and the unsettled state of the weather, prevented a match game that had been scheduled to be played between our boys and the Barnard School on Saturday afternoon last.

Chief Tutor W. H. Van Tassell has been notified to be ready at a moment's notice at his armory, and the 22d Regiment has been assigned to do duty, in case war is declared, at Long Branch, N. J.

"Proteus," our boat, has been taken from her winter berth, under the steps of the front portico, and is now receiving a new coat of paint, ere she is dipped into the Hudson River.

Wm. Brown, one of our ball players, had the misfortune to lacerate one of his fingers, in an attempt to catch a foul ball, while practicing one afternoon last week.

The boys were permitted to go out of doors after supper for the first time this year on Friday last.

W. G. SHANKS.

April 4 1898.

The English Hakim and the Coughing Turk.

It was a cold, foggy night, on the hills overlooking the river Lom in Eastern Bulgaria, and the Turkish sentries, in their shoddy clothing and only half fed, says *Harper's Round Table*, were shivering in the raw, misty air. The one at the back of the English Red Crescent Hospital tent was from time to time taken with fits of coughing that racked his body, and kept every one in the tent awake.

One of the doctors got out of bed, and went round to the unfortunate soldier outside to examine him, and then came back into the tent to prepare a prescription. Having to light a lantern and search about for his medicines, he took some little time getting it ready. Finally, with the dose in a tumbler, and lantern in hand, he went back to the sentry.

To this astonishment, the man firmly declined to drink it, but in the end the doctor, partly by force, and partly by influence of authority, made him gulp it down, and returned to his bed with the consciousness of having done a good action. Next morning, however, he received an invitation to see the Pasha in command, who angrily asked him for an explanation of what he had done during the night to the sentry on the hospital tent, in compelling him to take some drugs against his will, when he had nothing the matter with him.

The doctor was naturally astonished, but it was at last discovered that while he was preparing the prescription the sentries had been changed without his perceiving that anything was going on, and a healthy man substituted for the one with the cough, for whom he made the dose. And so the matter of why the sentry resisted the doctor's benevolence was cleared up.

Scott and the Inn Keeper.

A good story is told of Sir Walter Scott. While sitting in his library one day, a tall Highlander, who had been building an inn nearby, came in and said:

"May it please you, Sir Walter, I am going to call my place 'The Flodden Inn,' and as ye've written a poem on Flodden field, it struck me and the guid wife that ye might gi'e us a line for motto o' the house."

"Have you read the poem?" asked Sir Walter.

"No, sir; I'm nae a reader."

"Then you know nothing about it?"

"Nothin', but I've heard them say as knows that it's a verra fine thing."

"Well, I would advise you to take a line from the poem, itself."

"An' what'll that be?"

"'Drink, weary traveler, drink and pray.'"

"But my inn's not to be a kirk," said the man, "and the more prayin' there is the less drinkin' there'll be, an' I dinna want that."

"Oh," laughed Sir Walter, "I think I can alter the line to suit you by leaving out one letter, an 'r.'"

"'Drink, weary traveler, drink and pay.'"

"Just the verra thing," shouted the man, as he went away delighted.

ALL SORTS.

"Hyhpenated adjectives generally lack pungency in the characterization of the present discussion on methods of teaching the deaf.' And public opinion is a tonic that the authors find very hard to convince their stomachs that its good for them.

A few weeks ago the *Mount Airy World* appeared with a whole blank column on its last page with the word "PIED" in the middle. A great majority of its readers failed to understand what that meant, even the "redoubtable" Pach failed to catch on to the important announcement. Many took it to be an announcement of importance in cipher code, but as it didn't concern them, what mattereth it? Now, the *Mt. Airy World* has a linotype machine, and it would have taken but a very few minutes to reset the matter in that column, presumably dumped into the linotype's smelter by mistake of the office devil. The knowing ones had a good laugh—and the idea that instructors in printing should allow such things to get before the public! The idea!

The only instance of its kind happening in the deaf press was in the defunct *National Exponent* of August 16, 1894, when six inches of blank space appeared on the editorial page and in the middle of which were the paragraph: "Our staff is taking a well-earned vacation this week." They probably forgot the office boy in this case, he could have filled up that blank space with something interesting to read, on "How he did the trick."

He useth a "horn,"
Because of a flaw in his hearing,
A horn so round, a horn forlorn,
I look and laugh at the 'pearing.

He taketh a "horn,"
And calls on his neighbors to tell with,
A horn so "loud," a horn so long,
I wonder how they can stand it.

* * *

"Schooners that pass over the bar," as our friend "Ted" would have it in his letters some time ago. I will endeavor to change to a more popular and up-to-date expression —"Ships that Pass in the Night."

In the *Mt. Airy World* of the 4th inst., Mr. Pach appropriates a part of Mr. Maynard's letter in the *Silent Worker* for February, and in a double column seeks, and very weakly at that, to prove the assertions of the latter as not true. Now there is not a single deaf-mute of common sense who concurs with Mr. Pach's imagined arraignment.' Mr. Pach himself, knows that Mr. Maynard spoke the truth on the matters at issue, but Mr. Pach manages to fill space with matter in opposition that is as flimsy as it is absurd. The truth will always stand the test, no matter how many attacks are made on it.

The Telephone Man seconds Bro. Hecker in trying to free our deaf press from such paragraphs as these:—

Snow!
Skating!
Fine sleighing!
Looks as if it will be fine!

Yet the telephone man is very inconsistent, as you will see from extracts from his own letters, thus:—

No sir-ree.
Because?
Abdallah be hanged.
If so, I can't help it.
Funny, isn't it?
One-third black
Politeness pays.
Tweedledee.
Tweedledum.
There you are, etc., etc.

He condemns in others what he himself practices, and he is a very good soldierer if he is paid by the inch. Of the two, I prefer the former, as there is in them something that we can learn if we study them up; while the latter is but a conglomeration of slang and expletive that no body has any use for.

R. E. MAYNARD.

NEW BOOKS.

THE MACLISE PORTRAIT GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS LITERARY CHARACTERS.

From the Belfast News-Letter.

This is a new edition of the well-known work with which the names of Dr. Maginn and Mr. Maclise are associated. The book is a reproduction, on a reduced scale, of the eighty-one portraits which originally appeared in "Fraser's Magazine," 1830–38, under the title of "A Gallery of Illustrations Literary Characters." Four new portraits—those of Hallam, Thackeray, Maclise, and "Father Prout"—have been added. The original biographical notices were written by Dr. Maginn. These were hasty, though brilliant, appreciations, and Mr. Bates has revised all the biographies, incorporating with due acknowledgement, the substance of what Dr. Maginn wrote regarding some of the literary men who appear in this "Gallery." The portraits include those of Thomas Campbell, Thomas Moore, Lord John Russell, John Wilson Croker, Washington Irving, Lord Brougham, Isaac and Benjamin D'Israeli, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Carlyle, Leigh Hunt, Mrs. S. C. Hall, Sheridan Knowles, Rev. Sydney Smith, and many other literary celebrities. The portraits are well executed, and the literary notices are brilliant and entertaining. Dr. Maginn, "the doctor," as he was called by his associates, was undoubtedly one of the cleverest of the Frascrians. He was born in 1794 in Cork City, went to Edinburgh, and thence to London, where he soon became famous as a writer, and figured in more than one exciting literary episode. He wrote the libelous review of the novel "Berkeley Castle," which led to an action at law, a horsewhipping, and a duel. S. C. Hall, once wrote of Maginn: "Few men ever started with better prospects; there was hardly any position in the State to which he might not have aspired. His learning was profound; his wit of the tongue and the pen ready, pointed, caustic, and brilliant; his essays, tales, poems, scholastic disquisitions—in short, his writings upon all conceivable topics were of the very highest order. . . His acquaintances, who would willingly have been his friends, were not only the men of genius of his time; among them were several nobleman and statesmen of power as well as rank. In a word, he might have climbed to the highest rung of the ladder, with helping hands, all the way up; he stumbled and fell at its base." Surely, as the author of the present volume remarks, a collection of the writings of this genius would sell. We may remark that Dr. Maginn was an uncle of Mr. Francis Maginn, whose excellent work among the deaf-mutes of Belfast is well known. Copies of the volume may be had from Messrs. Eason & Son, Donegall Street, and as it is published at a very moderate price, it ought to find many readers.

OLD SAYINGS.

As poor as a church mouse,
As thin as a rail,
As fat as a porpoise,
As rough as a gale,
As brave as a lion,
As spry as a cat,
As bright as a sixpence,
As weak as a rat,

As proud as a peacock,
As sly as a fox,
As mad as a March hare,
As strong as an ox,
As fair as a lily,
As empty as air,
As rich as was Cresus,
As cross as a bear.

As pure as a angel,
As neat as a pin,
As smart as a steel trap,
As ugly as sin.
As dead as a door nail,
As white as a sheet,
As flat as pancake,
As red as a beet.

As round as an apple,
As black as your hat,
As brown as a berry,
As blind as a bat,
As mean as a miser,
As full as a tick,
As plump as a patridge,
As sharp as a stick.

As clean as a penny,
As dark as a pall,
As hard as a millstone,
As bitter as gall,
As fine as a fiddle,
As clear as a bell,
As dry as a herring,
As deep as a well,

As light as a feather,
As hard as a rock,
As stiff as a poker,
As calm as a clock,
As green as a gosling,
As brisk as a bee—
And now let me stop,
Lest you weary of me.

—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Mr. A. L. Thomas, a deaf-mute, who is at our Prince Street store, is ready at all times to cater to the wants of all those to whom he can make himself understood.

He can offer clothes, shoes, hats and furnishings for man and boy; for warm weather and cold, for wet weather and dry; for any and every occasion.

If you live out of town he will send you samples, finished goods on approval, goods which you may return for alteration, exchange, or refund of money, if not satisfactory.

Suppose you try it.

ROGERS, PEET & Co.

Prince and Broadway.
Warren and Broadway.
Thirty-second and Broadway.

New York.

Columbia

Bevel-Gear Chainless Bicycles

Thoroughly tested in every particular—not found wanting in any. Price $125. Chain Columbias at $75. Hartfords $50 and Vedettes $40 and $35.

POPE MFC. CO.,
HARTFORD, CONN.

If Columbias are not properly represented in your vicinity, let us know.

PATENTS

Quickly secured. OUR FEE DUE WHEN PATENT OBTAINED. Send model, sketch or photo, with description for free report as to patentability. 48-PAGE HAND-BOOK FREE. Contains references and full information. WRITE FOR COPY OF OUR SPECIAL OFFER. It is the most liberal proposition ever made by a patent attorney, and EVERY INVENTOR SHOULD READ IT before applying for patent. Address:

H. B. WILLSON & CO.
PATENT LAWYERS,
Le Droit Bldg., WASHINGTON, D. C.

FIRST
DRAMATIC
FESTIVAL
OF THE
Silent Wheelmen
OF GREATER NEW YORK.

Central Opera House,
Concert Hall.
(67th Street, near Third Avenue.)

Friday Evening,
April 15, 1898
At Eight O'clock.

Production of an original two act Kaleidoscopic Farce Comedy entitled:

"IN THE EDITOR'S FLAT."

BY A. L. PACH.

A Clippen Cutter, (Editor of the "Bazoo,") E. A. Hodgson
Scheutzer Gunn, (1st Regiment N. Y. G. A. R.) T. F. Fox
Wiglington Jobson, (Cutter's Butler)
Borrowe Bronx, (A Trans-Harlem Politician) J. F. O'Brien
Furniss Keiper, (Janitor Anti-Kid Flats)...A. Ekartd
Plato Hamm, (Chief Headwaiter and Cashier)
All Night Lunch Wagon "Hobo-Ken," J. Black
Walker Lott, AStroller.....A. L. Pach
Wright Uptown, A Reporter.....C. J. LeClerq
Meekin Goode, A Young Missionary, T. I. Lounsbury
Mrs. A. Clippen Cutter, Editor's Wife Miss Margaret Talley
Edith Cutter, Editor's Daughter
Incidental Music.....Mrs. L. Williamson

to be followed by a one act farce

"SUNDAY AFTERNOON AT THE FIFTH AVENUE."

Stage Manager, Mr. Thos. F. Fox.
Business Manager, Mr. E. A. Hodgson.

ADMISSION, - - - 25 CENTS
Reserved Seats, - 10 cents extra

Dancing after the Entertainment.

Hall can be reached by 3d Ave Elevated or surface road, stopping at 67th Street.

COMMITTEE:
Alex. L. Pach, *Chairman.*
E. A. Hodgson, T. I. Lounsbury,
J. F. O'Brien, M. Heyman.

Theo. I. Lounsbury

Book
Job and
Commercial
Printer

Convention Proceedings
Institution Reports
Institution Stationery
Society and Church Work

208 East 59th St.,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

ALPHABET CARDS.

50 Cards, with name,	.35
100 " " "	.50
250 " " "	1.00
50 Cards, without name	.20
100 " " "	.35
250 " " "	.75

FINE VISITING CARDS.

50 Cards (no alphabets),	.35
100 " "	.60



OUR 30 DAY OFFER $1.00

To keep our great factory busy, and introduce early our splendid '98 models we have concluded to make a marvelous offer direct to the rider.

For 30 days we will sell samples of our swell '98 bicycles at **net cost to manufacture** and will ship, C. O. D. on approval to any address on receipt of the nominal **sum of $1.00** (if west of Denver, $5). This deposit is merely to show good faith on purchaser's part; if you don't want to send money in advance, send your express agent's guaranty for charges **one way** and we will pay them the other if you don't want the wheel.

SIBERIAN. Highest grade, embodying every late improvement of value, 1¼ inch imported tubing, flush joints, improved two-piece cranks, arch crown, large detatchable sprockets, handsomest finish and decorations, Morgan & Wright, quick repair tires, single or double tube, high grade equipment. Special price on sample $29.00.

COSSACK. A splendid machine, equal to any for service and easy running. Best 1¼ inch seamless tubing, two piece cranks, arch crown, detatchable sprockets, finely finished and decorated, Morgan & Wright, quick repair tires, single or double tube, high grade equipment. Our special sample price.....$24.00.

KLONDIKE. Best medium grade for 1898. 1¼ inch tubing, striped and decorated, arch crown, dust-proof bearings, ball retainers, best Indiana or New Brunswick tires, standard equipment. Special price on sample.....$19.00.

NOTE. **Choice of Color, Style, Height of Frame, Gear, etc. Fully Guaranteed.**

You will be surprised at the appearance and quality of these wheels. Don't wait, order now while this offer is open. Prices will be much higher soon. You can make Big Money as our Agent, selling for us. We give our agents **choice of cash, the free use** of a sample wheel, or **gift of a wheel**, according to work done.

Do You Want Cheap Wheels?

We have numbers of 1896 and 1897 model wheels of various makes and styles, some a little shop-worn, but all new..... **$12.00 to $16.00.**

Wheels Slightly Used, Modern Types, - - - **$8.00 to $12.00.**

Our business and reputation are known throughout the country. References, any of the express companies, or any bank in Chicago. Art Catalogue free. Secure agency at once.

The J. L. Mead Cycle Co., - Chicago.

"THE WHITE IS KING,
WHEN THE ROSES BLOOM AND ROBINS SING
AND EVEN WHEN THE SLEIGH-BELLS RING,
THE WHITE IS KING."



MODELS A AND B.—$65.00
A-A RACER.....$75.00
MODELS E AND F. CHAINLESS $125.00

THE WHITE SEWING MACHINE CO.
CLEVELAND, O.
BRANCHES
NEW YORK, BOSTON, SAN FRANCISCO
LONDON PARIS

THE STANDARD.



Price, $50.00

The Standard bicycle is high grade in every particular, smooth and easy running.

There ars 'Standards,' but this is "THE STANDARD." It will pay you to see it before you buy.

Send for catalogue.

Agents wanted everywhere.

THE STANDARD BICYCLE CO.,
7th Ave., 28th and 29th Sts.
NEW YORK CITY.
Export Office
80 Broad St.

PACH BROS.
Art Photographers,
935 B'way, N. Y.

PERMANENT BRANCHES.
Cambridge, Mass.
Princeton, N. J.
New Haven, Conn.

WINTER STUDIOS.
Lakewood, N. J. West Point, N. Y.
Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Williamstown, Mass.
Amherst, Mass. Northampton, Mass.
Wellesley, Mass.

SUMMER STUDIOS.
Long Branch, N. J
Ocean Grove, N. J.

Our Mr. A. L. Pach will be at all the Conventions, and takes special care of patrons at our main office.

Don't Sacrifice

Future comfort for present seeming economy, but buy the sewing machine with an established reputation, that guarantees you long and satisfactory service.



ITS PINCH TENSION
AND
TENSION INDICATOR,
(devices for regulating and showing the exact tension) are a few of the features that emphasize the high grade character of the White.

Send for our elegant H. T. catalog.

WHITE SEWING MACHINE CO.,
CLEVELAND, O.

Ranald Douglas.

General Landscape Photographer . . .
Railway Scenery a Specialty

We also make Etchings on Copper and Zinc from our own Negatives only.

Livingston, N. J.
New York Office,
401 W. 59th St. Cor. Columbus Ave.